

THE MINERVA.

"Get Wisdom, and with all thy getting, get Understanding."—Proverbs of Solomon.

No. 2.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1829.

Vol. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

THE ALCHEMIST OF PISA

A TRUE STORY FROM THE ITALIAN.
(TRANSLATED FOR THE MINERVA.)

During the civil wars of Genoa, an Italian, named Grimaldi became an exile and sought refuge in the city of Pisa. There was nothing in the world for which he had any friendship or regard but money. This, he maintained, was the only thing worth pursuing, and no matter how disgraceful the means if the object was obtained. "The man, he observed, who was possessed of wealth, might bid defiance to the admonitions of conscience." With the talent of acquiring riches, Grimaldi united the art of keeping them. He lived alone; neither dog nor cat were his inmates, and he was without a servant, because the former might have been chargeable for victuals, and the latter for wages. He was constantly apprehensive of being robbed, and theft, in his estimation, was of deeper die than the crime of parricide.

With these propensities and principles, he could not fail to be the object of hatred and contempt; but when he conceived himself insulted or abused, he went directly home; cast a look at his dear strong box, and was comforted.

One evening when Grimaldi had supped at the house of a friend, and was returning home at a late hour, he was attacked in the streets by an assassin, who plunged a dagger in his breast. The wound was mortal, but its effects were not so sudden as to prevent him seeking safety in flight. At the same moment, a dreadful storm came on. Faint with his wound, his alarm, and the rain, Grimaldi took refuge in the shop of a goldsmith, which, by chance, was still open. This goldsmith, like Grimaldi, was in full pursuit of wealth, only he had fallen on a way to obtain it less promising than that of usury. He was in search of the philosopher's stone, and this evening, having been occupied with a grand projection, he had left his shop door open to moderate the heat of his furnace.

Grimaldi's entrance appeared somewhat rude; but Fazio, for that was the alchemist's name, having soon recognized his visitor, asked him why he had been abroad at so unsensational an hour, and in such terrible weather? "Ah!" sighed Grimaldi, "I am wounded!" As he pronounced these words, he fell back into a chair and expired. Fazio's alarm at this occurrence was not to be described. He ran up to Grimaldi; tore his clothes open that he might have more freedom to breathe, and used every means he could think of to recal him to life. But all his efforts were vain: the unfortunate usurer had received a wound which closed of itself, so that the blood could not flow, and he died of suffocation.

The alchemist was in the greatest distress on account of this accident. The whole neighbourhood had retired to rest, or shut up their houses to avoid the storm, and Fazio was alone, his wife and two children having gone to visit his dying father. All at once a bold thought entered his head, which, under present circumstances, seemed practicable. He was certain no one had seen Grimaldi enter his shop. In such continued rain and

thunder, there was no temptation for people to be looking out at their windows. Besides, by proclaiming Grimaldi's death Fazio might be suspected of having done the deed. After maturely weighing the whole affair, he shut up his shop, determined to turn the adventure to his own advantage, and, in conformity with his predilection for transmutations, to make an experiment whether, as he had hitherto been unsuccessful in his practice, he could not transmute misfortune into fortune, and turn his lead into gold.

Fazio knew of Grimaldi's wealth, or suspected him to be rich. By searching his pockets he found a large bunch of keys. "Good!" said he to himself; "this is a mark of the favour of heaven; the finger of providence is manifest in it! That such a terrible storm should come on this night; that my shop should be open; that the usurer should be wounded and die in my chair: all this could not happen without a particular dispensation from above. The deceased has no relation, and, perhaps, no friend. One stranger is as good as another stranger, and Fazio as good as another heir. I have even one right more: had it not been for me, he would have died in the street, and lain the whole night in the wet. Who knows that he did not come into my shop, to appoint me his heir? His visit supplies a formal testament; I will quietly take the executorship upon me; that will be the safest and the wisest way, for should I relate the affair to the magistrates, I would not be believed. Grimaldi's body is in my house; I should be considered his murderer; and it would give me a deal of trouble to prove my innocence. But if I bury him privately, there will be none to speak of the circumstance; and truly between the scaffold and a full coffer, it is not very difficult to choose. Eureka! I have found what I have been long searching after: I have found the philosopher's stone without the aid of my cursed crucibles and my smoky furnace."

Provided with a dark lantern, Fazio set out for Grimaldi's house. The rain descended in torrents; the thunder rolled in awful peals, but the Alchemist neither felt nor heard any thing. His mind was full of the usurer's hoards. He applied his keys, unlocked the doors, and was in a moment in the sitting room of the deceased. Against the iron chest he directed the whole battery of his bunch of keys, and almost despaired of carrying the siege, as it had four or five different locks outside, besides as many within. At length he took the fort: in it he found a casket of gold rings, bracelets and jewels, and four bags, on which he read with transport: "Three thousand ducats in gold."

Intoxicated with joy, Fazio seized the bags, and as there was a chance the jewels might betray him, he left them behind. Being a great friend to order, he carefully replaced every thing in its former state, fastened every lock, and happily got back to his house unnoticed with the precious burden. His first care was to place the bags in a place of safety; his next to inter the dead. He raised the body as easily as a feather, for the touch of the bags of gold had imparted to him a strength, which astonished even himself. He carried Grimaldi into a cellar, dug a deep grave, and tumbled him in with all his keys and clothes. This done, he filled up the hole with so much care that it

was not possible to discover the ground had been touched.

Having dispatched this affair, Fazio hastened to his room, untied the bags, not so much to count as to feed his sight with the gold. He found that not a single piece was wanting; but he was dazzled and giddy at the sight of so much money. First he counted it; then he weighed it, his ecstasy increasing every moment. At last he deposited the whole in a secret closet, burnt the bags, and did not remove his eyes from them till the last atom was consumed. He then threw the ashes into the air, afraid lest even these should betray him, and closed the labours of the evening by retiring to rest.

As nothing was heard of Grimaldi for some days, the Magistrates ordered his house to be opened. All were surprised at not finding the usurer, but more so at not discovering his money. Three months having elapsed, at the end of which all conversation respecting the deceased having subsided, Fazio began to drop a word or two about his chemical discoveries; shortly after he whispered something respecting a bar of gold. As his neighbors had already had many proofs of his being deceived, they only laughed at him; but Fazio was not to be so easily diverted from his purpose; prudently observing a certain gradation in his conversation and exhibitions of joy, he at last announced his intention of proceeding to France in order to convert his bar of gold into current coin. The better to conceal his real design, he borrowed a hundred florins on a farm, fifty of which he put aside to defray the charges of the journey, and the other fifty he gave to his wife, at the same time assuring her of his speedy return.

The idea of parting with her husband alarmed Valentina. She was apprehensive that it was his embarrassed circumstances that compelled him to fly his country; and as she conceived he would never return, by which herself and children would be reduced to want, she implored him with tears, and in the most eloquent manner not to leave her. Overcome by her importunity, Fazio, notwithstanding a resolution to keep his secret for life, could no longer conceal it. He took Valentina by the hand; led her into his cabinet; disclosed the whole affair respecting Grimaldi, and shewed her his golden treasure. "Dost thou now," said he, "entertain any doubt as to the reality of my ingot of gold?"

Valentina, equally intoxicated with joy as her husband had been, fell on his neck, and caressed him as much as she had formerly reproached him. A variety of plans of future happiness and glory were settled, and preparations for the journey were made with all speed. When the day of Fazio's departure arrived, Valentina affected to join the rest of the family in remonstrating, as before, against the journey, in which she was joined by all the neighbours, who made game of the alchemist; but he only laughed at them in turn.

While on his way to Marseilles, his wife played her part so well as to remove all suspicion. She was constantly complaining of poverty, while in private she enjoyed abundance. Every one lamented her fate, while she had no cause for pity but what she was forced to affect.

Fazio having got bills of exchange for

his ducats, wrote his wife that he had disposed of his ingot of gold, and was about to return. Valentina shewed the letter to her relations and others; but the majority still doubted the reality of the statement when Fazio arrived in person at Pisa. He presented his hand to all his acquaintance with a triumphant air, and openly proclaimed the success with which his chemical labours had been crowned; and, in proof of his good fortune, he brought from a banker nine thousand gold dollars, which he received for the bills of exchange. To this kind of demonstration, it was impossible to object: the story was told from house to house, and all extolled his knowledge in the occult science of transmuting metals. The very man who, only a few months before, was pronounced a confirmed fool by the whole city, was now elevated by that city to the rank of a great philosopher; and Fazio enjoyed, at the same moment, the advantage of being honoured as both learned and rich.

There being no longer any necessity for concealing his wealth, Fazio gave full scope to his desires. He redeemed his farm from the mortgage, purchased a title at Rome, procured a magnificent house and large estates, and hired footmen and servants of every description. Valentina, who was now a woman of too much consequence to look after the affairs of her family, took an old relation with her young and beautiful daughter into the house, and devolved the whole management upon them.

Fazio, after the example of those who lived in style at Pisa, now cast his eyes on the charming daughter of his aged relative, with the view of making her his mistress. Her name was Adelaide; and in the age of love and coquetry, either of which is sufficient to lead a man into folly, she lent a willing ear to the advances made by Fazio, and soon contracted so intimate a connexion with him as to occasion a disagreement with his wife. But before Valentina had penetrated the secret and convinced herself of her husband's infidelity, Fazio had spent a large sum of money on his charming Adelaide. Jealous of her rights, Valentina could no longer submit to the encroachments of an usurper. Discord destroyed the conjugal union; the wife became sullen, and the mistress imperious. One day the quarrel reached such a height, that Valentina turned the old house keeper and her daughter into the street. Fazio on this took the part of Adelaide, and placed her in another lodging; but finding that his wife continued furious at his conduct, he carried his mistress to a retired estate in the country. No sooner did this reach the ears of Valentina, than she became mad with jealousy, and determined on the most horrid revenge. Without reflecting on the consequences, she resolved to impeach her husband before the tribunal as the murderer of Grimaldi. She put her dreadful scheme into instant execution; while Fazio, who was dreaming away delicious moments in the arms of his Adelaide, had no idea of the storm that was gathering over his head.

The judge after considering the circumstances related by Valentina, dispatched persons to dig up the ground in Fazio's cellar, where finding the remains of Grimaldi's body, the accused was seized in the arms of his mistress, and carried to prison. At first, Fazio denied the

charge, but being confronted with his wife, who he found had become his accuser, he immediately exclaimed, "Wretch as thou art! had I loved thee less thou wouldst not have been entrusted with my secret: I was weak from my love towards thee, and thou hast brought me hither."—The torture, which at that time was so fatal to accused innocence, extorted from Fazio a confession of all he had done, and even of what he had not done. He named himself as the murderer of Grimaldi, although he was not; and was sentenced to forfeit his possessions, and to suffer death at the place of public execution.

Valentina, on the sentence being passed, would have returned to her house, but was not a little surprised at finding it occupied by officers of justice, who had even turned her children into the street. Nothing more was wanting to render her a prey to despair. The stings of conscience already wrung her heart; for her revenge being satiated, her eyes were opened to the rashness of her conduct and her future misery. Pain and remorse now reached their height. In frantic mood she ran about with disheveled hair, and implored the judge to pardon her husband, whom she herself had delivered up to the executioner. The sight of her children redoubled the pangs which lacerated her soul.

The whole city was agitated by this melancholy event. Valentina, who had become hateful to herself, had not even the poor consolation of exciting pity; all her relations and acquaintances avoided her as they would a savage beast.

Fazio, who contemplated his deplorable fate with calmness, was led to the place of execution through the principal streets. He ascended the scaffold with great composure, declared his innocence, and cursed the impetuous jealousy of his wife. He was beheaded, and his body, according to custom, exposed for some time as a terror to others. Rage and despair had, in the meantime, transported Valentina to the most dreadful of all imaginable deeds. She took her two children by the hand, and hurried them, while continually weeping, with hasty steps, to the place of execution. She pressed through the crowd, who made way for her to pass, and loaded her with execrations. But Valentina was deaf to all they said. She reached the foot of the bloody platform, and mounted with her children the fatal steps as if she intended once more to embrace the body of her husband. She led her children up to the bleeding corpse, and bade them embrace their deceased father. At this appalling sight, and the cries of the poor innocents, the spectators burst into tears; when suddenly the frantic mother plunged a dagger into the breast of one, ran upon the other and laid him dead beside his dying brother! An universal burst of horror and dismay ascended to the skies! The populace rushed forward to lay hold of her; but already she had stabbed herself with the pignard, and fell lifeless on the bodies of her husband and children.

The sight of the two murdered children, and the body of the mother bathed in their blood, filled every one with horror. It was as if the whole city had met with some general calamity. Astonishment and dejection took hold of every mind and heart. The inhabitants wandered up and down the streets in gloomy silence, and the crowd was incessantly renewing round the scaffold, where the blood of the children and mother was mingling with the blood of the innocent father. Even the hardest hearts were melted into pity and compassion.

The judge, affected by the relation, gave permission to the family to inter the bodies of the father and mother in a place without the walls. The two children were buried in the church of St. Catharine. The tradition of this melancholy catastrophe has been preserved at Pisa,

and is still related there with visible concern.

FEMALE HEROISM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A German lady, descended of a family long renowned for gallant feats of arms, and which had already given an Emperor to Germany, made the formidable Duke of Alva once tremble by her bold and resolute conduct. As the Emperor Charles V., in the year 1547, was returning from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Suabia, he passed through Thuringia, where Catharina, Countess dowager of Schwartzburg, obtained from him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might not be troubled by the Spanish army on its march through her territories. In return for this, she engaged to allow the troops to supply themselves in the place with bread, beer, and other provisions at a reasonable price. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge, which stood close to the town, instantly demolished, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants too of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

Meantime the Spanish general, attended by prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they dispatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was, that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a hearty welcome. She did not, however, neglect to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge the conscientious observance of it.

A friendly reception, and a well furnished table welcomed the arrival of the Duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats when a messenger, out of breath, called the Countess from the hall to inform her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages, and driven away the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects suffered wounded her to the quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she gave private and instant orders for her whole retinue to arm themselves, and to shut and bolt all the gates of the castle. She then returned to the hall and joined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them, in the strongest terms, of the treatment she had received, and how badly the imperial word had been kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers on their march, were not to be heeded.—"That we shall presently see," replied the Countess firmly:—"my poor subjects must have their own again, or by —," raising her voice, in a threatening tone, "prince's blood for oxen's blood!"

With this emphatical declaration she quitted the room, which, in a few moments, was filled with armed men; who, sword in hand, but with great respect, placed themselves behind the chairs of the princes in the room of their attendants. On the entrance of these fierce-looking fellows, Duke Alva immediately changed colour, and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what could they do but remain patient, and endeavor to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could? Henry, of Brunswick, was the first to collect his spirits, and to smother

his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter. He calculated that it would be the easiest way to get out of the scrape, to turn what had passed into a subject of mirth. He entreated the Countess to make herself easy, as he would take upon himself to make the Duke of Alva consent to whatever should be found reasonable. This he immediately effected, by inducing the latter to dispatch an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to those from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the messenger with a certificate that all the damages were made good, the Countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle; and they, in return, very courteously took their leave.

It was this transaction, no doubt, that procured for Catharina the surname of the *Heroic*. She is likewise highly extolled for the fortitude and activity she displayed in promoting the Reformation throughout her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, Earl Henry 37th; as well as for her resolute perseverance in putting down the monks, and improving public instruction. Numbers of protestant preachers, who had been persecuted on account of religion, fled to her for protection and support, which she liberally granted them. Among these was Caspar Aguil, parish-priest at Saalfeldt, who, in his younger years, had attended the emperor's army to the Netherlands in quality of chaplain; and because he then refused to baptize a cannon-ball, was tied to the mouth of a mortar to be shot into the air; a fate which he happily avoided only by the powder not catching fire. He was now for the second time in imminent danger of his life; and 5,000 florins were offered as the price of his head, because the emperor was enraged at his having circumstantially attacked the Catholic observances from the pulpit. Catharina had him privately conveyed to her castle, on the petition of the people of Saalfeldt, where she kept him several months concealed, and caused him to be attended with the greatest assiduity till the storm was blown over. She died universally honored and lamented in the 58th year of her age, and the 29th of her reign.

THE YOUNG PERSIAN,

BY MAISSNER.

CYRUS, ARTAXES, Courtiers.

Cyrus.—Shame upon thee, prince!—Who would waste more than an hour in lamenting such a trifling loss?—There will be more races another time. To-day thou wert second at the goal; in the next thou wilt be the first.

Artaxes.—Never! so long as that youth contends with me who got the victory to-day; and should he now contend, what glory can I acquire?—Ah! how his horse flew along with the swiftness of an arrow! With what inimitable ease he managed him!—I see nothing but him wherever I turn my eyes; what magnanimity in the modest mien and the silent dignity with which he took down the laurel, after conquering me for the second time.

Cyrus.—Even so! thou art the blood of Cambyzes! [embraces him.] Though conquered! thou art dearer to me than a general who comes to bring me an account of his victory.—It is already a great matter impartially to praise the outward advantages of a competitor; but he who is capable of extolling the spirit of his rival, must be one of those noble mortals rarely to be met with.—I should be glad to know the man who bore away the prize from thee.

Courtier.—That thou mayst, monarch, as soon as thou wilt. I saw him ere-while before thy tent.

Cyrus.—Well, let him be called. [Exit Courtier.]

[Artaxes retires behind the throne of Cyrus.]

Cyrus.—Whither art thou going, cousin?

Artaxes.—I'd hide myself behind thee that he may not see my confusion.

[Courtier enters with the young soldier.] Courtier.—Here he is. I have brought the invincible hero. I found him with a parcel of his comrades, among whom he was distributing the thousand pieces of gold, the prize of the race.

Cyrus.—Was that well done? And wherefore? I myself gave the prize: dost thou disdain my gift?

Soldier.—How could I do so? It was infinitely more than I deserved. But I kept possession of this, [holding up the laurel-wreath] which I deemed of so much consequence that I could not think of accepting in one day two such presents from fickle fortune. Besides—[he stops short]

Cyrus.—Why dost thou stop? Speak freely what thou hast to say.

Soldier.—I contended for fame; and that I gained. Ought I not to bestow upon my brethren what I gained over and above the prize I sought?

Cyrus.—Bravely said! I am the sovereign of the noblest nation beneath the sun, if there be many Persians who speak and think as thou dost. But, if this wreath be of so much value to thee, wouldst thou part with the horse that helped thee to win it, for a sum of money?

Soldier.—Not for any.

Cyrus. [half smiling].—But for a command?

Soldier.—Not for a kingdom. But I would with pleasure resign it to a friend, if I could find one worthy of that connection.

Artaxes. [rushing forward to him with open arms].—Noble youth! let me be that friend!—Embrace me, thou first of men; embrace me!

Soldier.—How willingly, if thou wert not Artaxes!—But, as it is, I dare not; thou art—

Artaxes.—And what?—a prince, perhaps too high for thee?—Take the half of my province!—I shall dispose of it to profit, if it make thee my friend and my equal.—Embrace me!

Soldier. [continuing to retreat].—I dare not. Thou art my benefactor; always infinitely above me. Besides—pardon me—I cannot venture to be a prince. I am but too seldom master of myself; how should I be able to govern others?

Cyrus. [starting from his throne].—How poor am I! Have I in all my treasures a jewel fit to be a recompense for sentiments like these, which I could venture to offer a youth like this?—Warrior, for the future in battle thou fightest beside me, and soon as commander even without me; this Cyrus asks: and to embrace me and Artaxes, are the orders of thy king.

Soldier. [after embracing] to Cyrus.—My gratitude can find no words. [To Artaxes.] Accept of my esteem till I am worthy of your friendship.—See here the proof of it. [He parts the laurel crown.] The half of it be thine! Thou wert next to me at the goal.

THE GLEANER.

Making a toast Brown.—Dr. Brown paid his addresses for many years to a lady without success; during all which time it had been his constant practice to drink her health. Being observed one evening to omit the ceremony, "Come, Doctor," said a convivial friend, drink the lady, your toast!" When the Dr. instantly replied—"I have toasted her for many years, and I find that I cannot make her Brown; so, I'll e'en toast her no longer."

Laughter no absolute proof of a merry heart.—A French physician being consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre; "and," continued he, "if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed!"—"Alas, Sir!" replied the patient, "I my-

self am Carlini: but while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I am, myself, actually dying with chagrin and melancholy!

Tears and Smiles of Infancy.—The grand duke of Tuscany was amusing himself one day with beholding Peter De Cortona painting a picture, which represented an infant shedding tears of distress. 'I am now going,' said the artist, 'to make a change in this figure.' Accordingly he gave a stroke with his pencil, and instantly the same child appeared laughing with the best grace in the world. Presently, by another touch, he restored the picture to its former state. 'You see,' observed the painter, 'what trifles make children laugh or weep!'

Hint to a Landscape Painter.—A German baron, not merely an amateur of the arts, frequently called on a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, and he constantly found the husband at home, which, probably, was not what he wished. At length being much chagrined with this untoward circumstance, he exclaimed—'Zounds, Sir! for a landscape painter, you do not often enough go into the country!'

Advantages of Ugliness.—The duke of Roquelaure, who was a very ill-featured man, fell in company with another still more ugly, lately came from a distant part of the kingdom to Versailles, to solicit something from Louis XIV. The duke, who had great interest at court, presented the man to the king as a person to whom he owed exceedingly great obligations; and the petition was accordingly granted. His majesty then asked his Grace, what were the vast obligations which he owed to that person? The duke seemed surprised, and said they were so evident that they were written in each of their faces. 'How so?' replied the king. 'I believe, and please your majesty,' said the duke, 'were it not for that worthy gentleman, no one will deny that I should have been the ugliest man in your majesty's dominions!'

A duck at duck shooting.—The mudland plains on the coast of Hampshire abound with wild ducks, which often tempt the fowlers to run great dangers. In order to prevent their sinking in the mud, they tie to their feet flat pieces of wood, with which they traverse more safely. A fowler thus equipped, and traversing the plain with great eagerness, suddenly found that the waters, which had rushed out with uncommon rapidity, owing to some peculiar circumstance of tide and current, had made an alarming progress around him. Incumbered as his feet were, he could not much exert himself; and to whatever part he ran, he found himself completely surrounded by the tide. In this dangerous situation, he retired to that part of the plain which seemed the highest, from its being yet uncovered by water; and striking the barrel of his gun, (which for the purpose of shooting wild fowl was very long) deep into the mud, he determined to hold fast by it, as a support, as well as a security against the waves, and thus to await the ebbing of the tide. In the meantime, the water making a rapid advance, had now reached him. It covered the ground on which he stood; it rippled over his feet, it gained his knees—his waist; but after button disappeared, till at length it advanced over his very shoulders. With a palpitating heart he gave himself up for lost. Still, however, he held fast by his anchor. His eyes were eagerly in search of some boat, which might accidentally take its course that way, but none appeared. A solitary head floating over the water, and that sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be desisted from the shore, at the distance of half a league; nor could he utter any sounds of distress that could be heard so far. While he was thus reconciling himself to sudden destruction, his attention was called to a new object; he thought he saw the uppermost button

of his coat beginning to appear. No mariner floating on a wreck, could behold a cape at sea with greater transport than he did this button; but the fluctuation of the water was such, and the return of the tide so slow, that it was some time before he durst venture to assure himself that the button was fairly above the level of the flood. At length, however, a second button appearing at intervals, his joy gave him spirits and resolution to support his situation four or five hours longer, till the water had fully retired and he could walk home.

Painting from Nature.—In the Palace of Strelna, near Petersburg, are four celebrated pictures by HACKERT, painted by order of Count ALEX. ORLOFF, in celebration of the victory of the Russian Admiral over the Turkish fleet, commanded by the Capudan Pacha. During the progress of these famous pictures, the painter took occasion to observe to the Count on the difficulty of painting a ship on fire, never having witnessed that terribly-imposing spectacle. ORLOFF, without a moment's hesitation, issued his order for a Russian seventy-four gun ship to be cleared, placed in a position to suit the painter, and burnt before him, to enable him to execute the subject with fidelity.

Dutch cleanliness.—Sir Wm. Temple, observing upon the extravagant neatness of the people of Holland, mentions the circumstance of a magistrate going to visit the mistress of a house at Amsterdam, when, knocking at the door, a tight, strapping, North Holland lass came and opened it. He asked whether her mistress was at home? She replied, 'Yes; and with that he offered to go in; but the girl, remarking his shoes were not very clean, took him by both arms—threw him upon her back—carried him across two rooms—put him down at the bottom of the stairs—pulled off his shoes—put him on a pair of slippers, and all this without saying a word; but when she had done, she told him he might go to her mistress, who was in a room above.

Anecdote of the Earl of Derby.—The old Earl of Derby, who lived in the reigns of James and Charles the First, wore such plain apparel that he could not be distinguished by his garb from the best sort of yeomen; and would say, that gaudy clothes were only fit for fools and wanton women; for wise men and modest women despised them, and took more care to adorn and furnish the inside than the outside. Coming to Court in a plain riding coat, he was denied entrance into the Privy Chamber by a finical Scot, saying, 'Gaffer, this is no place for you, the King has no occasion for a ploughman; none come here but men of quality and gentlemen in rich habits;' to which the Earl answered, he had such clothes as he used to wear always, and if the Scots would do so too, they would make but a mean figure, in the English Court, in their Scotch Plaids and blue bonnets. The King hearing a dispute at the chamber door, went to know what occasioned it, to whom the Earl said, 'Nothing, my liege, but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags behind them in Scotland, neither know themselves, nor their betters.' The King being angry at the affront offered to so great a man, said, 'My good Lord Derby, I am sorry for the abuse given you by my servant, and to make your Lordship satisfaction, I will command him to be hanged up by the neck, if your Lordship desire it.' The Earl replied, 'That is too light a punishment to repair my honour, and I expect his punishment should be more exemplary;' 'name it, my Lord,' said the King, 'and it shall be done;' 'Why, then,' said the Earl, 'I request your Majesty will send him home again!'

Case in Point.—It has been said that after dinner we weigh less than we did

before; and it is fully proved, if the accusation in the following anecdote be true:—A Frenchman relates, that he once heard the mistress of a house grumble very much at her servant for letting the cat eat a pound of butter. The servant, to excuse her negligence, denied the fact, but in vain: they weighed the cat, and she only weighed three quarters of a pound!

An Infant Lambert.—In a country village, about 12 miles from Bristol, there is a child, whose present appearance bids fair to equal, if not surpass, the wonderful prodigy in Leicester. The child is only six months old, measures seven inches round the arm-wrist, and nine inches three quarters at the small of the leg; he is supposed to weigh between 40 and 50 lbs. He was quite a burden to be held long in the arms, appears lively and healthy, the flesh firm and hard, and is asserted by his mother to have commenced eating animal food at a fortnight old. He is the child of a country shoemaker: his face and all his limbs are in proportion, but he does not yet walk.

To catch a Cannon-ball.—This experiment being just now the subject of a considerable bet in the sporting world, it becomes worth relating. The proper charge of powder for the cannon is divided into two unequal portions, the lesser of which is placed in the gun as a charge; the ball is placed on it in the usual way, and the rest of the powder (by much the greater portion) placed over the ball (the lesser quantity being not more than a twelfth part of the whole.) A cannon so charged will not project the ball more than 20 yards, where it might be caught with safety. The wager is therefore a trick, arising out of the words in which it is couched.

A Beau of the Island of Ceylon.—'A man of rank and fortune,' says Dr. Davy, 'will appear here, in the finest embroidered muslin, swelled out by a number of topetties (a long cloth of two breadths,) sometimes amounting to six or eight, put on one over the other in succession, with his shoulders as unnaturally widened in appearance, by a jacket stuffed and puffed out, to correspond to the bulk of the hips.' The same writer mentions that the officer of the King of Candy, who commanded his Majesty's drummers and trumpeters, was called—*Tamboroo-purampeetoo-caru mohandiram nilami.*

Language.—The chief fault in the English language is, that almost all its words terminate in consonants. Hence is the principal cause of its harshness. The great secret of writing melodious English, is most assuredly to draw into pronunciation every word which may terminate in a vowel. It is mortifying to every judge of language who knows that the melody and elegance of a tongue depends altogether upon its vowel terminations, to reflect, that not a dozen words end and sound with a; for *lea, pea, plea, sea, &c.* sound as if they ended in *e*. In neither *e* nor *i*, not one word ends in sound. In *o* about twenty. In *u* no word whatever (the Romans have very few.) In *ou* we have only two, *thou* and *you*. But in *y* we have no less than 4,900, about an eighth of our language. And we have about 1,683 ending in *ess*, the most horrid of all terminations.

University Anecdote.—The Rev. H. Cotton has published a biblical work, with a dedication to the memory of Dr. Cyril Jackson, in which he declares that he is indebted to the latter for every thing except his birth!!

The three Scotsmen.—Among the many interesting anecdotes recorded of the memorable field of Waterloo, the following is a fact highly deserving of publicity. Three brothers, Scotsmen, each remarkable, no less for his tall handsome figure, than for his soldier-like deportment, and belonging to different regiments, had not seen one another for many years, having

been fighting the battles of their country in different quarters of the globe.—They fought at Waterloo, and, like the Alban Curiahi of old, were all three wounded; but each unconscious of the other's presence or fate on that glorious day, till their first mutual recognition of each other in the same apartment in the military hospital, where, by a singular chance of fortune, they had been conveyed.—These brave fellows all happily recovered—and what is very remarkable, they are three of seven brothers who have all served in the British army.

"Mind the Shop."—The Paris journals had a tolerable story of a fashionable tailor the other day. A customer desired him to make a coat in a particular way: "Sir," said he "that fashion has gone by these six months; pray have it of a proper cut." "I do not care for fashion. I will wear my coat as it is most agreeable to me." Snip remonstrated and begged in vain; then, unwilling to lose a good customer, he said, "Well, Sir, I have only to entreat, as a return for executing your order, that you will not tell any one your coat came from my shop!"

Singular Occurrence.—In the summer of 1781, on the day that the action took place between Admiral Parker and the Dutch fleet, under Admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger Bank, an old man in Arbroath, Scotland, who happened to be lying in his garden, affirmed that he heard most distinctly the firing of the guns; and by placing his ear on the ground, he said in the vernacular idiom, he felt the *yird dinule*, (the earth vibrate.) He called on some of his neighbours, but they could not be sensible of hearing any sound; he, however, continued firm in his assertion, pointing in a south-east direction, and requesting them to note the day and hour, for he was certain that they would hear of a sea-fight in that direction, and at that time. The spot where the man lay was about a third of a mile from the shore, and slightly elevated above the level of the sea, and no other land intervened between Arbroath and the scene of action, which, when the account of it arrived, was found to correspond exactly with the time pointed out by the old man.

Newspaper Readers.—Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into the following general classes;—The ill-natured man looks to the bankrupts; the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-jobber to the lie of the day; the old maid to marriages; the prodigal son to deaths; monopolists to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding-school misses to every thing relating to *Gretna Green*.

Awkward Mistake.—The person employed to engross two recent petitions, one to the Lords, and the other to the Commons, of England, in transcribing the copy before him, which stated that "the distresses of the country had most alarmingly increased," actually wrote, in both petitions, that "the distresses of the country had most charmingly increased."

Literary Shoemaker.—A shoemaker who established himself in a certain town; wishing to display his literary knowledge, and at the same time to assert his honesty and uprightness, placed upon his sign for a motto, "*mens sibi conscia recti*." And from whatever cause it might arise, he drew away all the customers from another knight of the last, who had previously supplied the inhabitants with coverings for their soles. The fellow functioner not being so learned as the other, seeing the motto, supposed that it meant a particular kind of shoes, which the new-comer manufactured, and that this was the reason why his rival had drawn all his customers from him, and not being willing to yield to his antagonist in professional knowledge, he took down his sign and put upon it, *men's and women's sibi conscia recti*.

THE TRAVELLER.

TURKISH BARBARITY.

[From Della Cella's Route from Tripoli to Egypt.]

The occasion of this journey is thus stated by our author:—"Among the many monsters that are nourished in Africa, which from days of yore has been called the country of monsters, Mhamet Karomilli, the eldest son of the reigning Bashaw of Tripoli, may probably be placed in the first rank. Of a mind so dull, that the light of reason has never been able to penetrate it, giving to the most brutal passions an unbridled sway, there is no species of cruelty of which he is not capable, no violence of which he has not been guilty: often has he been known to administer to his slaves doses of arsenic, for the express purpose of witnessing the convulsive struggles with which these unfortunate creatures were attacked in the agonies of death." This inquisitive personage, it seems, had been despatched by his father (who probably had some fears of having the experiment made on himself,) at the head of a small force, to subdue certain Bedouin tribes of the province of Bengazi, who infested the shores of the Gulf of the Greater Sytis, ravaging the neighbouring country, and, what was of far more importance, refusing to pay the usual tribute. Karomilli so completely fulfilled the commission of his father, as to leave him of that tribe neither rebels nor subjects. Grown more insolent by success, he one day aimed a blow at his father, who, instead of punishing him as he deserved, or putting him in a situation where he could do no farther mischief, appointed him governor of the provinces of Bengazi and Derna, on the eastern confines of the regency, where dwelt a powerful tribe of Bedouins, named Zoasi, ill-affected towards the Bashaw, and frequently in a state of open rebellion.—Scarcely had this hopeful youth reached his government, when the old man was apprised that he had put himself at the head of the rebels whom he was sent to reduce; and he soon found it necessary, for his own security, to despatch an army under the command of his second son, Ahmet, to bring his first to a sense of his duty. Wishing to take with him a medical practitioner from Europe, Ahmet applied to the Sardinian consul, who recommended Della Cella for the purpose, and the Doctor accordingly engaged.—On the 11th of February, 1817, they departed from Tripoli.

At Dyrna, our author says, they found but too many traces of the cruelties practised on the inhabitants by the rebel Bey, before he evacuated the place. As this was the case, Ahmet was graciously pleased to be satisfied with requiring 22 of the most wealthy of the Bedouins, who had espoused the cause of Karomilli, to be sent to Tripoli as hostages for the good behaviour of their tribe, who, with the greatest good-will, stood forth and volunteered the journey, on an understanding that they would be placed under the special protection of the Bashaw.

From Dyrna to the Gulf of Bomba, the whole route exhibited memorials of an ancient population, but every thing before them wore the melancholy aspect of total neglect, abandonment and desolation. The Alpine country, however, was beautifully diversified by thick forests of evergreens, among which were the cypress, the thuja, the arbutus, the Phenecian juniper, myrtles of gigantic size, the carab trees, and laurels in the greatest abundance. These noble plants were not in continued woods, but interrupted by the rocky summits of hills, and broken into a thousand picturesque shapes. Through such a country abounding with rills of the clearest water, it took them eight days to reach Bomba, a vast arm of the sea, within which is the port of Menelaus. As this is the last spot under the dominions of the Bashaw of Tripoli and the first of the Egyptian province, the whole of the

inhabitants fled into the latter as to a place of safety, on the approach of the Bey, who coolly observed they had done right, as, if they had remained, he certainly would have exterminated them—*selon les règles*.

Having cleared the eastern confines of the province of Tripoli of its inhabitants, and driven the rebel Bey into Egypt, the victorious army returned to Labiar, and from thence to Bengazi.

At the conclusion of the fast of Ramadan, during which the Bey and his ruthless followers slept all day, and committed all manner of debaucheries through the night, the scattered tribe of Zoasi were collecting round the city, to witness, by invitation, the distribution of the Red Bernous (the robe of ceremony) to their chiefs, by order, as it had been given out, of the Bashaw of Tripoli, as a test of conciliation, and in acknowledgment of their good conduct on the present expedition: at the same time it was stated that the twenty-two hostages, dispatched from Dyrna to Tripoli, would be sent back, that the reconciliation might be general and complete. On the 5th of September, the day appointed for the ceremony, the unhappy chiefs, to the number of forty-five, made their public entry into Bengazi. They were met by the Bey, who received them most graciously; conducted them with great pomp into the castle; and, while they were in the act of taking coffee, gave the signal to his guards, who burst into the room, and massacred the whole of them upon the spot! At the same instant, the troops were ordered to fall upon the assembled multitude of the tribe upon the plain, who only escaped universal slaughter by some delay that happily took place in marching out the cavalry. Apprised of the disorder in the city, and suspecting treachery, they hastily left their tents, and their cattle, and fled for protection to the neighbouring mountains. The Bey at the head of his cavalry, invested their encampment, where were collected their women and children, and such as had not time to save themselves by flight. The men and boys were instantly cut in pieces; and the women left to the ferocious brutality of the soldiers.

Some of the unfortunate tribe of Zoasi, who, out of curiosity, had followed their chiefs into the city, finding it impossible to rejoin their countrymen, fled for safety to the tomb of a Marabout. The Bey, not daring to violate this sanctuary, ordered that none should afford them any subsistence; and, having surrounded it with troops, made himself certain that famine or the sword would finally dispatch them. The whole city was tacitly interested in the fate of these unhappy men. On the third day there burst from the tomb a fine spring of water, and on the surrounding ground were strewn dates, and other provisions, of which these famished people partook. The whole population of Bengazi, and the adjacent country, assembled to witness this portentous event; and the Marabout, who inhabited the tomb, gained by this artifice of humanity, as much glory, as the Bey shame and disgrace from his ineffectual efforts to complete his diabolical work of extermination: he consoled himself, however, with the spoils amassed in this glorious expedition; amounting, it is said, to 4000 camels, 10,000 sheep, 6,000 head of cattle, and many slaves, besides a good deal of money.

A few days after this scene of slaughter, the twenty-two hostages arrived by sea from Tripoli; the vessel had scarcely entered the port, when it was boarded by the executioners; the unhappy passengers were successively driven upon deck, where their throats were instantly cut, and their bodies thrown into the sea. The bodies of two boys, one 5, the other 7 years of age, were cast by the waves upon the beach, close to the city, and devoured by the dogs, no one daring to give them a burial.

VISIT TO THE GRANGA NEAR MADRID.

A gentleman who visited this celebrated spot in the month of July last year, thus writes his friend in London:—

We set out from Madrid on Friday afternoon, and went next morning to the convent which stands at the bottom of some very high mountains, seven leagues from Madrid. This immense pile of buildings struck me with complete astonishment: the architecture on the outside is fine, but the interior is still more so. The friars have every thing within themselves all they eat and drink, and all they wear is procured close at hand. Ascending to the top of the church, which is about three hundred feet high, you get a complete view of the building, dedicated to St. Lawrence, and built in the shape of a gridiron; it contains 16 handsome squares. The pictures are uncommonly fine; one by Raphael, called the Perla, is esteemed the finest in the world; the subject is our Saviour when a child with the Virgin Mary and Joseph, and David and John; it is certainly a most interesting group. There are many more by the same master, as well as by Titian and Vandyke. The church put me much in mind of St. Paul's; it is built nearly in the same style of architecture, but it is not quite so large. The monks are reduced in number to forty-two, and as they are allowed to take no more novices, in a few years they will be extinct. This convent had an immense income; but the Cortes had taken the whole of it from them, and allow the monks, some as little as sevenpence half-penny a day, and the prior only two shillings; so that they have but very little to purchase the necessary comforts of life. The founder of the convent, Philip the Second, husband to Queen Mary of England, must have had vast sums of money at his command, and Spain have been in a more civilized state than at present, to have erected such a beautiful building. I could have strolled about the aisles all day; and the principal staircase would take a day alone to examine the painted roof. In the library, which is very extensive, are manuscripts of great antiquity; two we saw 1200 years old, the books are placed with their fronts outwards, different to any library I ever was in. The friars showed the bones of one of the children murdered by Herod in the massacre of the Christians, and several relics which had belonged to the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalen, at which I confess I could hardly restrain a smile. The Pantheon, in which the Kings of Spain are buried, and which contains the bodies of all the Kings and Queens of Spain, including that of the great Charles the Fifth, was the last visited by us. It is a most elegant building under the church, and the stone coffins for Ferdinand and many of his progeny, are gaping ready to receive them. We visited the wool wash-houses at Navilla. This was interesting, on account of nearly all the wool being consumed in England: the men are extremely expert in assorting the qualities, of which there are three on the sheep's back; the wool is then boiled and placed on the grass to bleach. We saw a gentleman at one of these wool-washes that has 50,000 head of sheep, and they are now during the summer in the mountains of Segovia. The palace called the Granga, which was erected in the time of Philip the Second, is built completely in the mountains, and at first appearance looks very much like Versailles, but of course not so large; it is twelve leagues from Madrid. The interior of the place presents many fine paintings and elegant rooms. The gardens are the most beautiful I ever saw and must have been laid out at an incalculable expense. There are a great number of fountains, and they are the finest in the world; one of them throws up water one hundred and fifty feet. We went to view the glass works, which now offer nothing worthy of notice, except two immense plate glasses, which were made ma-

ny years ago: they have now completely lost the art. The King ordered them to cast a glass in which he could see himself on horseback. You may imagine the immense size; it is without doubt, the largest in Europe. After spending one day here, and being entertained in the most hospitable way by two curates, we mounted our mules for Madrid. The difference of the atmosphere is most extraordinary. It was quite cold near the Granga, but the moment we reached the Madrid side, we had the extreme of heat, which quite took away my appetite, although we rode seven leagues to breakfast. In the evening we reached Madrid, not a little tired, without any material occurrence, except that my mule took into his head to wash itself in the river Mancanares, close to Madrid, and having rolled over two or three times, he got up again: your humble servant had a famous ducking. The expense of the journey was 14 dollars, mules and all, say 21. 16s. each, for five days, and we travelled at least 130 English miles, so that travelling here is not very extravagant.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Organic Remains.—Every day brings us accounts, from different quarters of the globe, of the discovery of some fossil remains of animals, which belonged to species long ago extinct. At Kirkdale Cave, in Yorkshire, England, some fine specimens have been recently dug up, of thrice the size of the bones of the largest tiger. One of the molars exhibits a root which denotes, that the head to which the tooth appertained must have been bigger than the largest Ox, and is supposed to have belonged to an animal of the order of Equæ, as it has the grinding surface peculiar to fierce beasts of the lionine kind. This animal seems to have been of the same species as that, of which some remains were found in a cave in Virginia, as mentioned by Mr. Jefferson. Certain Fossil remains were also found, a few months ago, at the extreme low water mark of Spring tides on the sea shore in Kent. They belonged to three different species, viz. the Elephant, of which the teeth and several bones were found; an animal of the Ox species; and a Stag; all of a size greatly surpassing any animals of the kind known at the present day.

Three vertebra of the celebrated fossil animal of Maestricht, are likewise mentioned, in the English journals, to have been discovered by a Mr. Mantell in the chalk near Lewes. This circumstance is rendered the more interesting that the remains of this oviparous quadruped had not been previously noticed in Great Britain, and those found in St. Peter's Mountain, near Maestricht, were the only specimens to be met with on the continent of Europe.

A deer's horn has also been recently found near Stirling, in Scotland, whilst clearing away a quantity of moss. The workmen had first cut six feet into the moss, and thereafter three feet into a stratum of clay, where the horn was found firmly imbedded. It is about three feet in length with six fine antlers, and is stated to be without the least appearance of decay. From the situation in which it was found, it is supposed that it must have lain there previous to the formation of the moss.

In late Paris papers it is stated, that the bones of an animal found embedded in rocks, near Maestricht and Ricenza, which had hitherto puzzled Cuvier and other eminent naturalists, have been determined by Sommering to belong to a species of lizard, which from its great size, he calls the giant lizard. It is now unknown, but he conjectures that it is the dragon of antiquity, so universally, though (if he is right) falsely reputed fabulous. This enormous lizard is 23 feet in length.

New Musical Instrument.—In a late number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, there is the following notice of

a new musical instrument invented by a blind man, a native of Scotland:—"In vol. iii. p. 194, of this Journal, we mentioned the ingenious contrivance for this purpose, by Mr. J. Watson, a blind musician, from Dundee. Since that time, he has not only improved, but extended the mechanism: and we had the pleasure of seeing it exhibited before the Directors of the Asylum for the Blind, to the satisfaction of all who were present. The following account of the improved mechanism is taken from the Third Number of *The Calcedonian Quarterly Journal*:—"The stops by which he shortens the strings of his violoncello have been fitted with more elegance and precision, additional springs having been added, to assist and relieve his leg in the operation of his bowing; and the bow has been fastened to his foot by new machinery, which insures more powerful and steady execution. Indeed the whole of this machinery is now so constructed, that he can play both instruments (the violin and violoncello) for a very great length of time, without more fatigue than if he played only upon one. Nor is this all: for, by the very nice and accurate application of mechanism, wholly invented by himself, he can perform upon two violoncellos at the same time; and the one upon which he plays the principal strain, is so contrived, as to have the power and tone of two played by different performers: so that he may be said to play three violoncellos,—the principal strain upon two, and the bass upon a third. Nor is this compass limited; for the instrument upon which he plays the principal has a range of 64 semitones, and more could be added if necessary."

Watson, it appears, was born in Dundee, and lost his sight by the small pox when five years of age. About thirteen he was admitted into the Asylum for the Blind, at Edinburgh, where he soon distinguished himself by his knowledge of mechanics, and the improvements which he was able to make upon any piece of machinery submitted to him. He also showed a talent for music, which, however, from the necessity of gaining a livelihood by the labour of his hands, he was unable to cultivate till very lately.—He was in London a few months ago, with the view of exhibiting his wonderful inventions, but we have not heard any thing of his success there.

Remains of Ancient Civilization.—Count de Bournon's Mineralogy, lately published in Paris, states that during the year 1786, 7, and 8, they were occupied near Aix in Provence, in France, in quarrying stone for rebuilding, upon a vast scale, the Palace of Justice. The stone was a limestone of a deep gray, and of that kind which is tender when it comes out of the quarry, but hardens by exposure to the air. The strata were separated from one another by a bed of sand mixed with clay, more or less calcareous. The first which were wrought presented no appearance of any foreign bodies; but after the workmen had removed the first ten beds, they were astonished, on taking away the eleventh, to find its inferior surface, at the depth of forty or fifty feet, covered with shells. The stone of this bed having been removed, as they were taking away a stratum of argillaceous sand, which separated the eleventh bed from the twelfth, they found stumps of columns and fragments of stones, half wrought, the stone being exactly similar to that of the quarry. They found moreover coins, handles of hammers, and other tools, or fragments of tools, in wood. But what principally commanded their attention, was a board about one inch thick and seven or eight feet long; it was broken into many pieces, of which none were missing, and it was possible to join them again one to another, and to restore to the board or plate its original form, which was that of the boards of the same kind used by the masons and quarry-men: it was worn in the same manner, rounded and waving upon the edges. The stones which were completely or partly wrought, had

not at all changed in their nature, but the fragments of the board, and the instruments, and the pieces of instruments of wood, had been changed into agates, which were very fine and agreeably coloured.—Here then (observes count B.) we have traces of a work executed by the hand of man, placed at the depth of fifty feet, and covered with eleven beds of compact limestone—every thing tending to prove that this work had been executed upon the spot where the traces existed. The presence of man had then preceded the formation of this stone and that very considerably, since he had already arrived at such a degree of civilization that the arts were known to him, and that he wrought stone and formed columns cut of it.

Natural History of Brazil.—It appears from the Bremen journals of November last, that Mr. Von Langsdorff, the Russian Counsellor of State, had left that city for Brazil, where he is commissioned by the Emperor of Russia to make the most extensive researches into the Natural History, &c. of that great country. Among the persons who accompany him are, Mr. Moritz Rugendas, from Augsburg, as painter, (a descendant of the celebrated painter of the same name;) Mr. Menetier, from Paris, pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, as assistants for collecting and arranging objects of Natural History; Baron Von Draiss, inventor of the well known Draissine (carriage) as mathematician for astronomical observations, and geographical determination of places; and lastly, Mr. Riedel, a botanist. The whole party consists of about a hundred persons. Mr. V. L. intends to settle them on his extensive estate about three leagues from Rio Janeiro, where he proposes to have plantations of coffee cultivated by negroes. The artisans and workmen, whom he takes with him from Europe, are to be employed in erecting saw-mills, soap manufactories, &c. besides the necessary buildings for himself and his colony: he also intends to burn charcoal, to manufacture potashes, &c. for which the great forests furnish abundant materials.

LITERATURE.

Russian Literature.—It appears from the foreign journals that up to the year 1807, only 4,000 works had appeared in the Russian language, the production of the pens of the nobility and clergy. At present, the number of living authors is estimated at 350. In 1810, there were 3,000 volumes in the National Library, composed by native authors, among which there were 105 romances. Since 1807, the works in the Russian language have increased to 8,000; a proof of the increasing desire in that country for information. In St. Petersburg there are seven public libraries and fifteen printing offices. Moscow has nine public libraries and fifteen printing offices. The following daily and other public Journals are published in this city:—

The Moscow Gazette, published by the University. It contains extracts from the daily papers of St. Petersburg, and advertisements; it appears twice a week in quarto, has a very great sale in the interior of the empire, and prints no fewer than 7,000 copies.—*The European Courier*, a literary and political Journal, begun in the year 1802, by Mr. Karamsin, published every fourteen days, in numbers of 5 sheets 8vo., and containing very valuable information respecting the history of Old Russia, as well as critical examinations of the antiquities of the country. The present editor is Mr. Katchenowski, professor of archaeology to the university of Moscow, and perhaps the most learned of all the Russian Journalists.—*The Russian Courier*, published by Mr. Serga Glinka, every fourteen days since 1808, in numbers of from three to five 12mo sheets. It is dedicated to Russian history and education. The editor is distinguished for his ardent

patriotism, and his haired to every thing that is not Russian.—*The Historical, Statistical and Political Journal*, which has been carried on without interruption for twenty-five years; but is nothing more than a translation of the Political Journal of Hamburg.—A Journal is published at Kassau, in the Russian language, edited by the professors of that university.

Ancient modes of Writing.—When Rajah Singa, king of Candy, sent an embassy to the Dutch governor of Pulicat, in 1636, the letter with which the ambassador was charged, was written in Arabic, on tablets of gold. Montfaucon says that in the palace of Strozzi, at Rome, he saw a book made of marble, the leaves of which were cut to a wonderful thinness, so that turning them over, you might see all the several kinds of marble. The Chaldeans engraved their astronomical observations upon bricks; and within a few years, considerable quantities of such bricks have been dug up in the vicinity of Hilleh, the real or supposed site of the ancient Babel. Laertius tells us concerning the Greek philosopher, Cleanthes, that "being poor, and wanting money to buy paper, he was accustomed to write the lectures and discoveries of his master, Zeno, on small shells, or bones of oxen." The Koran of Mahomed was recorded at first, by his disciples on palm leaves, and the shoulder bones of mutton; and kept in a domestic chest by one of his wives. In Tanjore the palmyra-leaf is used, on which they engrave with an iron style; and so expert are the natives, that they can write fluently what is spoken deliberately. They do not look much at their *Ollus*, or leaves, while writing, the fibre of the leaf serving to guide the pen. The aptitude of the Christian Hindoos to copy the sermons they hear, is particularly noticed by Dr. Buchanan. He observes, that "whilst the Rev. Dr. John delivered a discourse in the Tamul tongue, many persons had their *Ollas* in their hands, writing the sermon in Tamul short-hand." Dr. Francis Buchanan informs us that, "in their more elegant books, the Burmas write on sheets of ivory, or on very fine white palmyra leaves. The ivory is stained black, and the margins are ornamented with gilding, while the characters are enamelled or gilded. On the palmyra leaves the characters are in general of black enamel, and the ends of the leaves and margins are painted with flowers in various colours. In their common books, the Burmas, with an iron style, engrave their writing on palmyra leaves. A hole through both ends of each leaf serves to connect the whole into a volume, by means of two strings, which also pass through the two wooden boards that serve for binding. In the finer binding of these kind of books, the boards are lacquered, the edges of the leaves cut smooth and gilded, and the title is written on the upper board; the two cords are, by a knot or jewel, secured at a little distance from the boards, so as to prevent the book from falling to pieces, but sufficiently distant to admit of the upper leaves being turned back, while the lower ones are read."

The Ceylonese make use of the palm-leaf, and a kind of paper, made of bark, but most generally employ the leaf of the Talipot-tree. From these leaves, which are of immense size, they cut out slips, from a foot to a foot and a half long, and about a couple of inches broad. These slips are smoothed, and all excrescences pared off with a knife, and are then, without any other preparation, ready to be used. A fine pointed steel pencil, set in a wooden or ivory handle, is employed to engrave their letters, on these talipot slips, which are very thick and tough: in order to render the writing distinct and permanent, they rub them over with oil mixed with pulverized charcoal. They afterwards string several slips together, by a piece of twine passed through them, and attach them to a board in the same way as we file newspapers. In letters which were sent by the King of Candy to

the Dutch Government, the writing was inclosed in leaves of beaten gold, in the shape of a cocoa-tree leaf. This was rolled up in a cover richly ornamented, and almost hid in a profusion of pearls and other precious stones. The whole was inclosed in a box of silver or ivory, which was sealed with the King's great seal.

Diodorus Siculus affirms that the Persians wrote all their records on skins; and Herodotus informs us, that sheep skins and goat skins were made use of in writing by the Ionians. Mr. Yeates thinks it probable, that the autograph of the Law written by the hand of Moses, was upon prepared skins.

The skins of fishes were sometimes employed for writing upon; and Zonaras relates, that the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, were written upon the intestines of a serpent, in characters of gold, forming a roll 100 feet in length. This work is said to have been consumed in the fire which happened at Constantinople, in the fifth century.

Montfaucon assures us that he bought at Rome, a book entirely of lead, about four inches long, by three inches wide. Not only the two pieces which formed the cover, but also all the leaves, in number six, the stick inserted into the rings, which held the leaves together, the hinges, and the nails, were all of lead, without exception.

The *Works and Days* of Hesiod are said to have been inscribed on a leaden table, carefully preserved in the Temple of the Muses, which, when shown to Pausanias, was almost entirely corroded through age. Then plates of lead, reduced to a very great degree of tenuity by the mallet, were occasionally used, particularly for epistolary correspondence.

It was an ancient practice, to write upon thin smooth planks, or *Tables of Wood*. Table-books of wood were in use before the time of Homer. The Chinese engraved with an iron tool upon thin boards, or upon bamboo.

The manner of writing among the ancient Britons was, by cutting the letters with a knife upon sticks, which were squared, or formed into three sides; consequently a single stick contained either four or three lines. Several sticks, with writing upon them, were put together, forming a kind of frame.

THE DRAMA.

Lochiel. Having been induced to promise some account of this drama in consequence of the very flattering notice given of it in the daily papers previous to its first performance, we feel it somewhat incumbent on us to fulfil that promise, though we must confess we enter on the task with reluctance.

Before touching the piece itself, we think it proper to remark, by way of preliminary, that the practice of endeavoring to take credit in advance for literary productions, and which is, now-a-days become so common, does not appear to us calculated to promote the reputation of the author, or, if a dramatic work, the interest of the managers of the theatre who may be induced to countenance it. If possessing attractions sufficient to recommend it to public notice, it can never gain any thing by previous puffing. If destitute of interest, all the newspaper praise in the world cannot save it from condemnation. It may contribute to fill the house for a night or two, but after this the production sinks into merited oblivion, without the manager, at whose expense it has been brought out, being able to indemnify himself. It seems, besides, an arbitrary mode of proceeding to delineate beforehand what the author may consider the beauties of his piece; no room is left for the audience to exercise their own judgments; a favorable impression is previously given which prevents them from discovering its faults, if it has any, or of justly appreciating its

ments. They come to the theatre with minds predisposed to applaud, whether applause is deserving or not. This, it will be found, is the effect produced on the generality of those who frequent the theatre, by the pompous and imposing announcements, which are given in our journals, of almost every new piece about to be brought out on the stage.

Exceptions to this rule are to be found in men of sense, the only real judges of the drama. They disregard the miserable efforts to bias the public judgment. Where the piece is deserving of support, they know how and when to applaud it; but, if otherwise, these attempts to procure it a passport to public favour only sink it lower in their estimation. It is owing to these causes that so much disappointment frequently takes place on a first representation, and that many theatrical productions, applauded by the audience, are often laid aside, not long after a second or third performance. Let native talent, by all means, be encouraged; but let it have fair play. We have already been sufficiently sneered at by foreigners, who do not always seem disposed to acknowledge real talent when it appears. It is high time, therefore, that we should be just to ourselves, and not resort to methods to obtain a celebrity for literary excellences, which must fail in their effects, and lay us still more open to the censures of other nations.

Although we do not mean to say that the drama of *Lochiel* is deserving of the unqualified censure implied in the preceding remarks, we wish it to be understood, that we cannot exempt it from the imputation of, what appears to us, the adoption of injudicious methods to obtain for it the meed of applause. Like all other productions from the pen of Mr. Agg, it displays no ordinary talent for dramatic composition. The sentiment is far above the usual cast of productions of this nature; the language chaste and poetical, and many of the scenes managed with superior skill. But in saying this much, we think we do it all the justice it deserves. As a whole, it is inferior to "Mary of Scotland," though, like that piece, its "ponderosity" unfits it for holding a permanent place on the stage.

We did not witness the first representation, but were present at the second. We were told that it had been considerably curtailed; yet the performance occupied nearly as much time as a regular drama of five acts. But this is not the only fault we find with it. We cannot understand why *Lochiel*, without the means of reinstating himself in his former possessions, or without a single attendant, should have been so fool hardy as to enter the castle of his inveterate foe. He is represented as having done so in disguise, but this was of no service to him, as he was almost immediately recognised by more than one of the inmates. He seems to have been placed in this improbable situation, only to excite a momentary feeling on the part of the audience. Why also do we find his wife entombed, as it were, in a gothic building, without any shelter, or means of support, or any apparent object in view, or concert with her husband?—How is it that we find the engaging, innocent *Alice* in a cave among robbers without seeming to be under any apprehension or alarm on account of her situation? And where is the dramatic propriety of introducing *Allan* on the stage, bleeding and sinking under wounds or bruises, without the least hint given as to the why, or wherefore he is in that situation?

Several other parts struck us as defective. But as we have no wish to be considered hypercritical, we forbear farther observations on the play itself. As to the performers, they in general acquitted themselves much to our satisfac-

tion. We were sorry to observe Mr. Pritchard labouring under disease. This evidently prevented him from infusing that energy into his personification of *Lochiel*, of which he is so capable, and which we think belongs to the character. Mr. Maywood as the idiot *Davie*, never appeared to more advantage in our eyes. His maniac laugh was inimitable, and he sung the Scotch airs with feeling and effect. The part allotted to Mr. Simpson is not calculated for much display; but, as it is, he sustained it with his usual spirit and correctness. *Cowell* was far from being happy in *Evan Sky*; it is not his line of acting. As to Mr. Kent, he was entirely lost. He never should attempt low comic parts; his forte lies in the higher walks, or in displaying rustic feeling. Miss Johnson as *Janet* was every thing we could wish; sprightly, energetic, and dignified. Every time we witness her performance, we are sensible of an improvement, particularly in those touching parts which reach the heart, and call forth the tear of sympathy. We are in no danger of extolling Mrs. Holman too much for her enchanting singing. It is impossible to listen to her for once, without wishing a return of the same gratification. Her sweet and melting tones rendered the favorite song of "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" peculiarly effective on this occasion.

We cannot close this article without noticing in terms of unqualified approbation, the perseverance and the zeal with which the Managers endeavour to afford rational amusement to the public. No expense is spared in getting up scenery, or in providing suitable dresses and decorations for the varied and numerous pieces, which they seem to take a pride in bringing out. If they do not find their interest in this, it is evident they will not have themselves to blame for the want of patronage.

Rose of Arragon.—On Thursday night a drama of two acts, bearing this title, was brought out for the first time at our theatre, after the public mind, by the usual mode of puffing, had been sufficiently prepared to give it a welcome reception.

Those who have not forgotten the tales of the nursery, into which the juvenile mind is led by the introduction of "Once upon a time there lived a king," &c. will be able to form a pretty correct idea of the materials of which the *Rose of Arragon* is composed. The author, to be sure, by affixing his name to the piece, has taken care that we should not be without the means of fairly estimating the talent it possesses. The story is so purile that it would be wasting time to attempt even a brief sketch of it.—If borrowing from himself that which he had before borrowed from others; if culling the best passages, and the best scenes from *Pizzaro*, the *Devil's Bridge*, the *Wandering Boys*, *She* would be a Soldier; if, in short, selecting all the most striking parts of the melo-dramas that now hold a place on the stage, and giving them to the public as the compiler's own, be a proof of dramatic talent, then has Mr. Judah undoubted claims to the possession of it. We confess we never witnessed a performance, claiming to be original, so utterly destitute of all title to that character as the one under consideration. The audience, good naturedly enough, allowed it to pass without expressing much disapprobation; but it is impossible that a piece of this description can continue to attract public attention. Good acting, which was not wanting on this occasion, will frequently go far to save a bad play from utter condemnation for a night or two; but beyond this, the efforts of the best performers in the world cannot prevent its being consigned to oblivion.

We do not mean to deny all talent to

the author of the *Rose of Arragon*. He is not destitute of poetic taste, and he is entitled to credit for industry. We should recommend it to him, however, not to be so precipitate in endeavouring to wrest the laurel from Fame. If he expects to acquire celebrity in the paths of literature, he must pursue them till his mind is matured, when only he can be able to give from his pen what will command legitimate applause.

The Theatre at Rome.—The modern Romans have preserved, in their theatrical exhibitions, the ancient practice of allowing men only to appear on the stage, the female characters being performed by an actor, who makes this department his particular study. The Romans, in general, are much disposed to change the dresses of the two sexes in their masquerades. During the Carnival, a number of young fellows go about dressed as females of the lowest class, and seem greatly delighted with the disguise.—Coachmen and lacquays frequently assume the garb of women with considerable effect, especially if they are young, handsome, and elegantly attired. Ladies of the middle stations in life, are frequently to be seen as *Pulcinellos*, and women of fashion figure away in military uniform.

In the theatre, the young men who devote themselves to the performance of female parts, are at incredible pains to attain perfection in their art. They study the looks, the motions, and the deportment of the other sex; try to give their voice a soft and feminine melody, though they cannot alter its deeper tones; are enamoured of every new fashion, and employ the first milliners to dress and adorn their persons. Success never fails to attend an actor when he can pass himself off as a complete female figure. The under parts, however, are not so well filled, as a *Columbine* is frequently detected by the colour of the chin.

Those who have witnessed these performances, assure us, that they have derived considerable pleasure from them. The idea of perfect imitation is so completely kept alive, that a sort of conscious illusion is produced, always favorable to stage representation; and they appeal to the practice of young men, in our own theatres, personating old characters with success, as demonstrative of the propriety of filling the parts allotted to females with the other sex. They also tell us, on the authority of the old Roman writers, that in different places of the empire, there were actors who performed so well as to charm, in female habits, a whole nation of taste. They felt the pleasure of seeing, not the thing itself, but its imitation; not of being entertained by nature, but by art; not by being shown a reality, but a result.

THE MINERVA.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1822.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

When a new periodical work makes its appearance, it is generally preceded by a prospectus, explanatory of the nature of the publication, and of the views of the Editor. This practice, when justified by the performance, serves as a pledge of the fidelity and ability of the conductor; qualifications on which alone he can reasonably build his hopes of success. Experience has shown, that in most cases where great professions have been made, the fulfilment of them has seldom or ever been realized. This has estranged the public mind from this mode of publication; a circumstance which has damped the genius of many possessing talents calculated to shine in the walks of literature.

Desirous of obviating these difficulties the Editor of the *MINERVA* has thought it advisable to usher the work into notice without any precursor, or any pretensions to the possession of higher talents than what may appear from a perusal. All he conceives necessary at present to say is, that he projected the undertaking with the view of furnishing, at a moderate rate, an entertaining and useful repository, suited to all ranks and conditions in life. The first and second numbers he now offers as a specimen of the work; aware, if his plan meets with approbation, that a continuance of patronage can only be secured by rendering every successive number as interesting as the preceding.

Hints for the improvement of the *MINERVA* will at all times be attended to, and promptly acted upon if calculated to increase its reputation. The Editor, as he has not solicited, or received promises of assistance from any quarter, rests solely on his own resources. But he has no wish to exclude the productions of other pens, provided the subjects come under one or other of the general heads adopted in this publication. All political and religious dispute will be avoided; while truth, liberal principles, and morality will be strenuously and uniformly advocated.

THE RECORD.

DOMESTIC.

Congress has fixed upon the 9th of May for adjournment.

The Legislature of this State adjourned on Thursday, after a session of 107 days. The Bill to tax Bank Stock did not pass the Senate.

His Excellency De Witt Clinton, and his Honor John Tayler, have declined nominations for the offices which they now hold.

Efforts are making to render permanent the communication between this city and New-Orleans, by means of Steam ships.

The arrangements to establish a regular line of packets between Liverpool and Baltimore, and also between Philadelphia and Liverpool, have been completed.

The ice broke up in the bay at Sacket's Harbor, about the 26th of March, being ten days earlier than usual.

The ship *Citizen*, Loring, from Manila for this port, with a valuable cargo of cotton and sugar, was driven ashore on Absecom Beach, near Egg Harbor, on Tuesday morning last week.

The Chinese Mandarins on the 10th of December, are said to have seized a large quantity of silks belonging to an American gentleman, and stopped the silk trade.

The Flax and Hemp dressing machine of Messrs. Dey & McDonald, was lately exhibited in Albany, and highly approved of.

William Browden, was lately sentenced to three years imprisonment only, at Petersburg, (Virg.) for attempting to poison his father-in-law, by administering arsenic to him in an apple-pye.

A young man, named Lotham Pierce, has been apprehended at Putney, (Vt.) charged with passing counterfeit Ten dollar bills on the Mechanic's Bank in this city.

The young woman mentioned in our last as having been committed for perjury at Boston, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to five days solitary confinement, and ten years hard labour.

A house occupied by a Mr. Mason, in Pendleton, S. C. was consumed by fire on the 14th ult. and four out of five of his children perished in the flames.

Midshipman Worthington of the U. S. Frigate Constitution, was killed at Port Mahon, on the 4th of February, in a duel with Midshipman Gaillard, of the same vessel.—

In Limington, Me. on the 23d ult. the dwelling house of Mr. David Richardson, was destroyed by fire, and Mr. R. and one of his sons, 6 years old, were victims of the flames. Mr. Libby, a promising young man, was, by the falling of one of the chimneys, buried in its ruins.

The dwelling house of Geo. Sheffield, Esq. of Lyme, Huron county, was consumed by fire on the night of the 23d ult. and a boy aged 13, and a girl of 6 years of age, children of Mr. Sheffield, perished in the flames.

The Distillery of Messrs. Williams and Dougherty, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, was destroyed by fire on the 9th instant.

Twenty seven houses and stores were destroyed by fire at Fredericksburg (Va.) on the 12th inst. Supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The store of Ard. Osborn, Esq. in Windham, Greene Co. was consumed on the 6th inst. with all its contents, and about 8000 dollars.

A sloop bound for New-York, loaded with hay, was accidentally, burnt to the waters edge on Saturday last week opposite the mouth of Esopus Creek.

Mr. Francis Benjamin, for many years constable and collector for the town of Manlius, lately drowned himself in a fit of insanity. On the 24th ult. a man named Malthorp hung himself in the village of Painesville, Ohio. John Bard, of Latterkenney, (Penn.) aged 24 years, being angry with his mother, last week, hung himself with a bridle.

The wife of Moses Blowers, of Pompey, drowned herself in a well, on the 28th ult. in a fit of partial derangement.

An Englishman, named Smith, said to have possessed considerable property, is stated to have committed Suicide at Cincinnati, on the 20th ult.

A man lately strangled his wife, in Lancaster, Penn. in a fit of jealousy; after which he proceeded to the house of her paramour, a married man, with a brace of loaded pistols which he discharged at the offender. One shot grazed his forehead, and the other unfortunately entered the breast of his wife, who instantly expired. Both females are stated to have been in a state of pregnancy.

Enos M'Daniel, in Bourbon county, Kentucky, lately murdered a Mr. Andrew Cummings, of that place, and effected his escape without any attempt being made to bring him to justice.

Two white men, lately convicted of vagrancy in Christian county, Kentucky, were sold for three months. The bidders were two blacks and a white.

Five convicts employed on the canal at Rochester, lately made their escape. In Suffolk County, the prisoners preferring liberty to free quarters were recently so ungrateful as to leave the prison, without in the least acknowledging the attentions they had received from the keeper.

Messrs. Bliss and White of this city, have made arrangements with Mr. Delaplaine of Philadelphia, to continue the publication of his "Repository of Portraits and Lives of Eminent Men,"—and are preparing the Fourth, half Volume for the Press.

William Tudor, Esq. of Boston, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, the Life of James Otis, of Massachusetts.

The prospectus has been issued of a new daily paper, to be entitled, "The Congressional Examiner and National Record of Political and Miscellaneous Knowledge," and to be published at Washington.

A second edition of this splendid American work is now in the press at Philadelphia, with many new plates and additions to the ornithology of our country.

The first volume of General Greene's Life by Judge Johnson of South Carolina has just made its appearance at Baltimore.

Baptiste Irvine has issued proposals for publishing a compendious view of the Independent States in Mexico and South America.

Mr. W. Russel of Otsego, sowed the beginning of last May, eight quarts of flax seed, from Long Island, on one quarter of an acre of land. The produce was two hundred and forty-two pounds of well dressed flax, and five bushels and three pecks of seed. The flax sold for 10 cents per pound, and the seed (to his neighbours) for \$2 per bushel, amounting to \$35 70.

The last month was so mild at Detroit that many of the farmers ploughed their fields and sowed rye and wheat. Since the first day of this month, this portion of country has been entirely exempted from flood and heavy rains.

An extra session of the Court of Errors will be held at the capital, in Albany, on the first Tuesday in September next.

A bed of "English or Peruvian Red," used as a paint, has been discovered on a farm in Corinth, at the foot of the Cayadozseras mountains, belonging to Judge Cowles.

On Sunday morning last the sloop Franklin, Bogardus, with produce and passengers, were upset in Haverstraw Bay, on her passage from Wappinger's Creek to New-York. A female, a child and two men, who were in the cabin, were taken out by cutting a hole in the side of the sloop after being four hours in this perilous situation.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain. The bills placing Ireland under martial law have passed both houses of parliament, and received the royal assent. A number of individuals, called *White Boys*, have been executed, but the disturbances continue. Plans have been laid by ministers before parliament for relieving the Agriculturists, which it is thought will prove to be of no advantage unless the taxes are greatly reduced.

Russia and Turkey. We are still in the dark as to what are the real intentions of these two powers. Vienna accounts speak confidently of a war being inevitable.

Greece. Late accounts from the East speak favorably of the cause of the Greeks. They had beaten the Turks in several engagements, and continued to receive men and warlike stores from England, France, Germany, Holland and Sweden.

Persia. Contrary to former statements, it is now asserted that the war between Turkey and Persia continues.

France. The new ministry has carried the project of the law for regulating the press, in the Chamber of Deputies, but its fate in the Chamber of Peers is considered doubtful. This, and other impolitic measures, have brought things to the brink of another revolution.

It is even reported, that a revolution has actually burst out in France, and that the young NAPOLEON has been proclaimed Emperor.

Spain. The Cortes have refused to recognize the independence of South America, and say they will consider the recognition by any other government until the disputes are settled, an infraction of existing treaties. The Spanish Cortes have abolished the slave trade.

MARRIED.

On the 2d inst. at New-York, Mr. William Gilbert, to Miss Jane Bray. On the 5th inst. Mr. Robert Blaikie, to Mrs. Hannah W. Selkirk. Timothy Olmsted, Esq. to Miss Maria, daughter of Benjamin Romaine, Esq. On the 17th inst. Charles Byron Rootwick, Esq. of Red-Hook, to Miss Cornelia Corre, daughter of Joseph Corre, Esq. Mr. Henry Labah, to Miss Hannah Taylor, Philip I. Arcularious, Esq. to Mrs. Hepzibah Ward, Widow of the Rev. Francis Ward. On Sunday evening, Mr. Ariel Van Haun, to Miss Nancy C. Carew, both of Westerly, Rhode Island. On the 7th inst. Mr. Daniel Westfield, to Miss

Mary Hall, both of this city. Mr. John C. Henry, to Miss Margaret Meech. On 31st ult. Mr. William Palmer, to Miss Lucretia Eddy Fogle. On the 9th inst. Mr. David Horton, of Birmingham, Eng. to Miss Margaret Bunn, of this city. Mr. William S. Lewis, to Miss Mary A. Story, daughter of the late captain William Story. On March 31st. Mr. James R. Morgan, to Miss Selina S. Mayo, daughter of Mr. John Mayo. Mr. Benjamin Austin, of Flushing, to Miss Mary Ann Sprague. Mr. James Eddy, to Miss Jane Brush. At Rowley, Massachusetts, on the 26th ult. Mr. Paul Spofford, of this city, to Miss Sarah Spofford, of the former place. At Fayetteville, N. C. on the 1st inst. Mr. Charles A. Robertson, of this city to Miss Emily K. Richards, of that place. At Shelburn, Vt. Mr. George King of Burlington, to Miss Julia Harrington. On the 10th inst. William Butler, of the firm of Law & Butler, to Catharine, daughter of Mr. Thomas Luff-borrow, all of this city. Mr. John P. Shaw, to Miss Julia Ann Habermil. Mr. Conrad Brown, to Miss Sally P. Evans. On the 12th inst. John Gray, Esq. of New Brunswick, N. J. to Mrs. Jane Millen, daughter of Alexander Hosack, Esq. of this city. On the 10th inst. Prosper M. Wetmore, to Lucy Ann daughter of Francis Ogbury. On the 14th inst. Mr. John L. Comenhoven, to Miss Duranda Demorest, both of this city. On the 13th inst. Mr. Abraham Cargill, to Miss Catharine Servent. On the 10th inst. Mr. David C. Peck, to Miss Eleonor Middlemas, daughter of Joseph Middlemas Esq. On the 15th inst. Mr. James Meland, to Miss Bridget Digan. On the 17th inst. David J. Ackerman, to Miss Elsey W. Pool. On the 18th inst. Mr. Isaac U. Townsend to Miss Rebecca M. Schenck. On Tuesday Christopher Beakley, Esq. to Miss Ann Maria Livingston, daughter of John Livingston, Esq. On Wednesday Mr. L. Hart, to Miss Frances Buckland. Mr. Thomas Allen to Miss Hannah Terry. On Thursday Mr. Robert L. White, to Miss Maria Nicholson, both of Alexandria. At Brooklyn, on Wednesday Mr. James Dilie, to Mrs. M. C. Everitt.

DIED.

At New-York on the 4th inst. Mr. Thomas Bletcher, in the 45th year of his age. On the 7th inst. Mrs. Christiana M'Leod, aged 74 years. Mrs. Mary Adams, in the 73d year of her age. Hannah Pollard, wife of Calvin Pollard, aged 23 years. On the 8th inst. Daniel Burger, Sear. in the 95d year of his age. Miss Mary Ann Allen, eldest daughter of Alexander Allen, aged 15 years. In the Island of Cuba, Mr. Ovando Sistare, son of Mr. Joseph Sistare, of this city, aged 19. At Troy, on the 6th inst. Walter H. Livingston, son of Philip H. Livingston, of Redhook. Post Sergeant in the United States' army, in the 29th year of his age. On the 9th inst. at N. Y. Mr. John Carne, aged 75 years. Mrs. Susannah Dixey, relict of the late John Dixey. On Monday evening, General Aquila Giles, an old officer of the Revolution. At London, on the 3d February, Mrs. Garriek, relict of George Garriek, Esq. (brother of the late celebrated David Garriek.) At N. Y. on the 19th inst. Ebenezer, infant son of Dr. Alexander H. Stevens. On the 11th inst. Mrs. Sarah Sharpe, wife of Cornelius Sharpe, aged 27 years. On the 10th inst. Mrs. Abigail Andrews, aged 67 years. Mr. Solomon M. Smith, of the firm of I. & S. Smith, merchants, aged 29 years. At Baltimore, Lieut. Benjamin Vining, of the army. On the 13th inst. Mrs. Margaret Geib, wife of Adam Geib. On the 12th inst. Mr. Adolph L. Degrove, in the 50th year of his age, for many years collector of the fourth ward. On the 11th inst. Margaret, wife of Patrick Thomson, and daughter of the late Charles Bruce Henry White, Esq. At Newark, on the 14th inst. Robert Stewart, second son of the late Robert Stewart, baker, in Pine-street. At Medham, N. J. 23d ult. the Rev. Benjamin Blackford, in the 7d year of his age. At Green Village, N. J. 8th inst. the widow of Caleb Munson, aged 85; and on the 9th, Mr. Jeremiah Frost, aged 76. At Mobile Point, 3d inst. Capt. H. Humphreys, of the 4th regt. U. S. Infantry, aged 39.

At St Jago de Cuba, March 19th, Mr. Daniel M'Leod, a native of New-York.

On the 13th inst. Mr. William Van Curen, aged 16.

In February last, at Rome, Italy, (whither he had gone for the benefit of his health) Mr. Daniel Remsen, merchant, of the house of Peter Remsen & Co.

At Providence, Hon. William Jones, aged 67, who was governor of Rhode-Island from 1811 to 1817.

At Havanna, latter part of March, Mr. Guille, the Aeronaut, and his wife.

On the 16th inst. aged 58 years, Mr. Daniel Moore.

Peter Gray, aged 31 years.

At Washington city, Benjamin Grayson Orr, Esq. formerly mayor of that city.

At Dinapore, India, 29th March, 1821, Colonel M'Leod of this city.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Cornelius Conckling, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 16th inst. Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of James W. Robinson.

George Lambert, aged 74 years.

Tabitha M. Leeds, daughter of Capt. Gurdox Leeds, in the sixth year of her age.

At Lenox, Madison county, Elizabeth, wife of David W. Cande, in the 23d year of her age.

At Cambridge, Mass. on Sunday, Brig. Gen. Moses Porter, of the U. S. army, and commander of that military district.

At Portsmouth, Mr. James Marshal, seaman, of New-York, lately discharged from the U. S. schr. Spark, at Charleston.

On the 17th inst. in the 54th year of his age Doctor James Hallaher, of Philadelphia, having just arrived from Matanzas, where he had gone for the benefit of his health.

On Sunday, at his quarters in Cambridge, Brevet Brigadier General Moses Porter, Colonel of the 1st Reg't United States Artillery, aged 67.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

The second number of the MINERVA has been unavoidably delayed by the sickness of the printer and publisher. No. 3 will appear on the 27th instant, and continue to be regularly published every Saturday.

We offer our grateful acknowledgements to the Editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Gazette*, and the *Statesman* for the very flattering manner in which they have noticed our first number.

Number third will contain, under the head "Popular Tales," *The Haunted Cellar*, a German tale; the *Rival Brothers*, an ancient British story; and *St. Vincent De Paule*, the voluntary Galley-slave.

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Passage of the Himalah Mountains*; and *Manners and Customs in Africa*, from Mollie's "Travels in the countries of Senegal and Gambia," recently published.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Account of the Skeletons of the Dugong*; two horned Rhinoceros; and *Tapir*, of Samatra, lately sent to England.—*New Mode of Ship building*; *Improvement in Brewing*, &c. &c.

LITERATURE.—*A Visit to North America*, by Adlard Welby, Esq.; the *Prophetic Almanac*; and *Literary Notices*.

THE DRAMA.—Continuation of the *Loden Theatre*. We have a number of articles on file relating to the Drama, which we intend publishing. The following will appear as early as possible: *Receipt to make a Tragedy*; *Dramatic Authorship in France, England, and America*; *Account of Miss Clara Fisher the young Roscic of England*. *Female Macheaths*. *Sketch of the life of Garriek*, &c.

ENIGMAS, &c.—Several new enigmas and puzzles are on file; some of which will be given in our next, with answers to those already published.

POETRY.—*Iorasse the Monk of Great St. Bernard*, by the author of "Geneva," will appear in our next, with other poems.

It has been suggested, that a list of "Births," would be as acceptable as "Marriages," and "Deaths." We are not aware of any objection to this; but we must rely on those immediately concerned for the necessary information.

Authors or publishers preparing works for the press, are requested to furnish the Editor with notices for publication. Scientific and Literary communications will at all times receive the utmost attention.

POETRY.

FOR THE MINERVA.

ODE TO SPRING.

Mild season of the infant year,
Soon as thy tender buds appear,
I feel my bosom glow;
It glows, to see the germs of life,
Spice of each elemental strife,
Burst thro' surrounding snow.

With pride, beneath thy influence bland,
I mark each vernal leaf expand,
Precursor of the bloom:
The livelier tint of ev'ry bower,
The daily growth of every flower,
Each exquisite perfume.

Now, grateful for the genial skies,
To heav'n the mingled odours rise,
And bring it's blessings down;
An aided vigour, ev'ry day,
A richer foliage, boasts each spray,
Nor dreads the tempest's frown.

No, Spring! tho' winds tyrannic join,
And all the elements combine,
Thy progress to dispute;
The humblest plant, by heav'n decreed,
To live forever in it's seed,
Shall never fail of fruit.

Bless'd Season! thy benignant power
Extend to ev'ry Human Flower
And aid the growth of mind;
Till, vigour crowning ev'ry part,
The richer incense of the heart
Bring bliss for all Mankind.

FOR THE MINERVA.

Mr Editor—If you think the following poetical
effusion, which I have copied from a small volume
lately published in London, by P. M. Jones, one of
the Society of Friends, deserving of a place in your
journal, it is at your service. SELECTOR.

THE IVY AND PAINTED WINDOW.

Through Malvern's sweet village strange rumours
were spread,

That a plot had been laid and the church was in
danger!

The tidings had filled every villager's head, [Ger.
And the noise it occasioned alarm'd every stran-

The report thus arose—a green ivy had grown
Up the walls of the church, the old structure
adorning; [shown

'Till it reached the east window, where gaily were
Apostles and saints in the bright hues of morning.

And it still must be own'd that 'twas pleasant to see
The sun and the wind with the ivy leaves daily;
To hear round it's blossoms the hum of the bee,
That came lured by their sweets from the moun-
tain or valley.

And when the day sunk on the bosom of night,
Like a sport-wearied child on the breast of its
mother; [light,

We then soothingly might say by the summer moon's
That the ivy and window were made for each
other.

The night-hawk that roams like a spirit thro' air,
Led his bride to it's chambers with tender care-
ness;

'Midst it's branches the owl built her palace so fair,
And rear'd her grey brood in it's dark green re-
cesses.

This time flew away, till arose a complaint,
That the ivy, grown wanton and evil designing,
In its gambols had knock'd out the head of a saint,
And had ruin'd a nun with its twisting and twi-
ning.

Nay, the parish clerk swore that an owl from her
den, [aroken:
Had look'd into the church thro' a pane that was
That the owl cried to-who! while the clerk cried
amen!

And the ivy was blam'd for so evil a token.

And 'twas said that the bows which crown'd but-
tress and arch,
The ravage of ages with verdure renewing,
Like a wreath for the forehead of time on his march,
Now hung o'er the face like the omen of ruin.

Just like love when it touches the resolute mind,
It blends beauty with valour, with grace melan-
choly;

Till the soul, to the triumphs of passion resign'd,
Grows insensate to fame and enamour'd with
folly.

So the axe to the trunk of the ivy was laid, [driven;
And the fowls of the air from its branches were
And its leaves which the altar in beauty array'd,
To pale desolation were ruthlessly given.

Then the wild bee complain'd as she sought her
lov'd flowers,
'Oh! why are the blossoms so tediously coming?'
And zephyr inquired for the evergreen bowers,
Where her voice had kept tune with the bee's
gentle humming.

—Yet nature proclaims, 'that securely in earth,
'Sleeps a root of the ivy, it's honours renewing.
'And when time's ling'ring hand gives the slum-
berer birth,
'It shall wave in its pride o'er the temple in
ruin!'

DOMESTIC COMFORT;

BY THE REV. MR. GREAVES.

Whoe'er has seen, on Afric's sandy shore,
Where savage monsters lurk, and Lions roar;
Burst from th' entangled thicket, in her way,
A hungry Tigress rushing on her prey;
In vain, the hunters shouts assault her ears;
She scorns their clamours, and defies their spears;
Unaw'd, amid th' attacks of dogs, and men,
She bears her prize, triumphant to her den.

With equal fury, arm'd with mops and brooms,
The headstrong House-Maid traverses your rooms:
No force, her operations can withstand;
Nor gods, nor men, arrest her scouring hand.

About her waist, her twisted apron's bound;
On patters rais'd, she stalks th' apartments round:
Her floating batteries, dashing from her pail,
By hydrostatic laws, the walls assail.
Her rosy arms their wonted labours ply!
Chairs, tables, sofas, screens before her fly!

In vain, her Rev'rend Master storms, and frets
Madam commands, and Nancy scorns his threats.
His books, and papers, scatter'd on the floor!
He swears: she angls; and sings and scrubs the
more!—

(For evils, in domestic life there are—
Nor this the least—would make a parson swear!)
Till, wet and damp each room, the saucy quean,
Now proudly boasts—"The house, for once, is
clean!"

LINES ON READING THE POEMS OF
CLARE.

And thou art heir to poverty—decreed
To tread the paths of toil, and restless care;
And such a heart as thine was doom'd to bleed,
To bleed in youth, in comfortless despair.

What soul-born feelings were implanted there!
And thou wert forced to labour for thy bread,
O'er wither'd hopes—delusive dreams to mourn:
And thou hast thought that when thou laid'st thine
head

Within the tomb from whence there's no return,
Thy fate untold—thy name unheard would'st die,
And only there the gentle night winds sigh.

Too oft, alas! the cultivated mind
Is lost in darkest errors, and the breast
Where sense and feeling are the most refin'd,
By these is riddled of contentments rest.

Sweet are the rural joys which thine have blest:
The setting sun, the lonely moonlight pale,
Had charms for thee no other scenes could bring:

There was a sadness in the evening gale,
When it swept o'er some flower of early spring:
And thus methinks thou fear'd'st thy lot might be
Thus swept from earth, each trace of Bard like
thee!

And thou hast propp'd a Father's sinking years,
And thou with filial love hast wiped away,
With dutious hand, a Mother's flowing tears,

And smoo'd with tenderness their life's decay:
For thee we'll spare one leaf of deathless bay:
Oh! yes, fond child of nature, while a tear

Is given to genius that has bloom'd like thine,
Thou shalt not want a mourner o'er thy bier:
Thou shalt not need a hand one wreath to twine

For him who lov'd the whispering winds that wave
The unnotic'd weed that hides the Poet's grave!

MATERNAL FONDNESS.

There is a feeling in a mother's breast,
There is a wish unutter'd, unexpress'd,
Which, like a secret not to be reveal'd,
Dwells ever at her heart, in silence seal'd;
It is that hope of happiness she forms
For her young offspring: which not all the storms
Of life, its woes, its sickness, nor its pains,
Can vanquish, but unchangeable remains;
It is a mother's hope that still increases
Till the existence of its object ceases.

EPITAPHS.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. PECK.

Here lies a Peck, which some men say,
Was first of a Peck of clay—
This wrought by skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh;
Thro' various forms its MAKER ran,
Then adding breath, made Peck a man:
Full sixty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death reliev'd a Peck of troubles;
Then fell poor Peck as all things must,
And here he lies a Peck of dust!

In Peel Church-yard, Isle of Man:—

Here in the grave, here lies a Cave,
We call a grave a Cave;
Then reader, judge, I crave;
Whether doth Cave here lie in grave,
Or grave here lie in Cave?
If grave in Cave here buried lie,
'Then grave where is thy victory?
Go reader, and report here lies a Cave,
Who conquers death and buries his own grave.

ENIGMAS &c.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

PUZZLE I.—The servant merely placed the let-
ter S before the two Roman numerals IX. The
direction then read thus:
"To Alderman Gobble with six Ducks."

PUZZLE II.—The sum is 8, 8, 8, which should
be written on a slate; then by wiping off the upper
or lower part of each of the figures, there will re-
main 0, 0, 0—to nothing.

PUZZLE III.—From SIX take IX and S } will re-
IX X I } main.
XL L X }

PUZZLE IV.—Fill the 3 gallon keg out of the 8;
pour the three into the 5; fill the 3 again out of the
8, and pour two of it out of the 3 into the 5. This
will fill the 5, and leave one gallon in the 3. Em-
pty the 5 into the 8, and the 1 out of the 3 into the 5,
Fill the 3 again, and then pour it to the 1 in the 5,
There will be four in 5, and four in 8, each man's
equal share.

ANAGRAMS.

The following anagram on the well known Bibli-
ographer, William Oldys, may claim a place among
the first productions of this class. It was written
by Oldys himself, and found by his executors in one
of his manuscripts:

W. O.

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.

If you transpose what ladies wear,
'Twill show what faithless lovers are:
Again, if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name:
Change it again, and it will shew
What all on earth desire to do:
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What bad men do, you'll then explore.

Conundrum I.—The Alphabet were invited out
to dinner in alphabetical form; what is the reason
all could not comply with the invitation?

Conundrum II. by the late Right Hon. C. J.
Fox.—If I buy two apples for a halfpenny, and give
one of them away,—why am I like a telescope?

The following Paradox have been transmitted
without any solutions. We presume the person
who sent them is prepared with answers. If not,
they must remain unexplained as far as respects us
We are not "learned in the mathematics."

PARADOX I.

I have twelve times seen Bissextile,
Pray say how this can be,
Since twelve times four make forty-eight,
And I'm but forty-three?

II.

Mathematicians affirm, that, of all bodies contain-
ed under the same superficies, a sphere is the most
capacious; but surely they have never considered
the amazing capaciousness of a body whose name is
"now required, and of which it may be truly affirm-
ed, that, supposing its greatest length nine inches
greatest breadth four inches, and greatest depth
three inches; yet under these dimensions, it con-
tains a solid foot.

CHRONOLOGY.

FROM THE CREATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

1755 Marriage of Jacob, with Leah
and Rachel, Laban's daughters, by
whom and their handmaid's he had
twelve sons and one daughter.

Beginning of the 2d Dynasty in
China, called Cham, supposed to have
given 28 Emperors during a space of
646 years.

1729 Joseph being sold by his brethren
was brought as a slave into Egypt.

1722 Sesostris the most famous of the
Egyptian Kings, and the 1st of the
19th Dynasty, is supposed to have
begun his reign, which lasted 59
years.

1717 Death of Isaac, aged 180.

1716 Joseph promoted to the highest
honours by Pharaoh, King of Egypt.

1708 Beginning of the famine in Egypt
and Canaan.

1706 Arrival of Jacob in Egypt.

1689 Death of Jacob, aged 147.

1635 Death of Joseph, aged 110.

1581 Arrival of Cecrops from Egypt,
with a Colony. He settled in Atti-
ca, and built a castle, afterwards the
citadel of Athens. He reigned 50
years.

1574 Birth of Aaron.

1573 Edict of Pharaoh, for putting to
death all the male children of the
Israelites.

1571 Birth of Moses.

1531 Flight of Moses out of Egypt.

1529 Deluge of Deucalion in Thessaly.

1521 Establishment of the council of
Amphictyons, to regulate the general
affairs of Greece.

1519 Cadmus brought a Colony from
Egypt, and built the city of Thebes
in Greece. He introduced the use
of letters.

1516 Lelex, first King of Sparta or La-
cedæmon.

1511 Danaus came from Egypt to
Rhodes and Greece.

1506 Dardanus, first King of Troy.

1492 Return of Moses to deliver his
brethren. Ten plagues inflicted on
Pharaoh and his people, to oblige
him to dismiss the Israelites.

1491 Passage of the Red Sea. The
Israelites saved. Pharaoh and his
host drowned.

1452 Death of Moses; he was succeed-
ed by Joshua, who in six years time
made the conquest of the Promised
Land.

1438 Death of Joshua. Caleb and the
Elders ruled the people of Israel for
several years.

1432 Minos the elder reigned in Crete.

1426 The people of Israel, after the
death of their Elders, fell into Idola-
try, and were subdued by neighbour-
ing nations.

1417 Othniel judged Israel 40 years, and
delivered them from the yoke of
Chuzak, King of Mesopotamia.

1376 Israel fell again under the yoke for
18 years, and was freed by Ehud,
the 2d of the judges, who ruled 80
years.

1359 Building of Illium.

Expedition of the Argonauts to
Colchis, under Jason.

1235 Israel relapsing into idolatry, was
again punished by falling under the
yoke of the Gentiles for 20 years.

1260 Theseus, son of Ægeus, King of
Athens, succeeded his father.

1257 The government of Athens new-
modelled by Theseus.

1255 New Tyre built.

(To be Continued.)

THE MINERVA.

Is published every Saturday by G. L. Birch,
44 Maiden Lane, New-York, and at the office of
the Long Island Patriot, Brooklyn, at \$4 per an-
num; payable by quarterly instalments, in ad-
vance. Subscribers wishing to relinquish the work
at the end of a quarter, will be at liberty to do so,
giving a week's previous notice of their intention,
and paying arrears.